CINDERELLA,

OR, THE

LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER

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CINDERELLA,

OR THE

LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

On Cinderella's bridal day,
The Prince he gave a grand gala,
Drest in the splendor of the East,
The guests assembled at the feast,
The lovely fair one is here seen,
With modest and becoming mien,
Kind fortune did at last prevail,
But I'll relate the pleasing tale.

May Day from Aunt Lottie.

In early years of sire bereft,
To her step-sisters she was left,
But they cruelly did use her,
Made her a slave and oft abused her.

Each night they at the ball or play,
Would go drest out so fine and gay,
While she would to the cinders creep,
There sit down to sigh and weep.

There was a splendid ball at court,
To which the sisters did resort,
Poor Cinderella wished to go,
In fact she told the tyrants so;

She asked them for to lend a dress,
But they did cruel scorn express,
Yet she good natured did not pout,
And helped to deck their persons out.

Scarce had they gone when there came in,
Her Godmother, the Fairy Queen,
Said she I your desires know,
Cease to weep and you shall go.

The wand was raised, and then behold
A pumpkin is a Coach of Gold,
Six mice are stately horses made,
A rat as coachman is displayed.

The footmen are from lizards got,
Found behind the watering-pot,
No equipage more fine could be,
I can't go in these rags said she.

The words scarce spoke, when in a trice,
No Princess could appear more nice,
And the whole for to complete,
Glass slippers did adorn her feet

Her beauty did the court delight,
She went again another night,
But on the third the simple maid,
Forgot what her Godmother said:

Return before 'tis twelve at night,
Or you 'll be in your former plight,
But the King's son so charmed her mind,
That she all prudence left behind.

In anxious haste to get away,
She lost her slipper, I heard say,
The prince, who sought for her in vain,
Fell sick, nor could he health regain.

The king he caused a proclamation,
To be made throughout the nation,
That she who could the slipper wear,
Should soon espouse the royal heir.

It fitted none but Cinderella,
Who produced its tiny fellow,
Again touched by the fairy wand,
She shone in Jewels very grand.

The Prince received the lovely fair,
And bade adieu to sad despair,
The sisters did for pardon crave,
Which she sweetly to them gave.

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